

# A TWICE-LOST CITY

Strange History of a Forgotten People in Guatemala.

ONCE RULED BY AN AMERICAN

Deposed the Governor and Filled His Place Himself.

ORGANIZED A REVOLUTION

Written for The Evening Star.

In the almost unpopulated wilds of northern Guatemala there is an unnamed lake, surrounded by thick forests. From out the blueness of its waters rises, low and flat, an island, and on this island is a city, white and beautiful to see, a city whose history is without parallel in the annals of government.

Twice it has dropped out of the world's reckoning; the first time, for a whole century. Its second oblivion, which was in the nineteenth century, lasted but a few years, but in that time the government to which the city owed allegiance had forgotten its very existence. It paid no taxes; it had no commerce; communication with the outer world was as much shut off as if it had been a lunar metropolis. In a word, the

city was lost.

And after it had been found-by a clerk delving among musty records in a far-away library-it had one more strange experience, for an American traveler made his way thither, and for a few weeks ruled its destinies as arbitrarily as if the divine right of discoverers were still a tenet of

# An Equine God.

modern government.

Originally the lost city's name was Tayasal, but that name exists only in the memory of a few of the old men. To its inhabitants it is now known as Peten, and to the government which rules it as la Ciudad de Flores. Cortez discovered it on his march to Honduras after his conquest of Mexico. and tarrying only long enough to baptize the people, whom he found tractable enough, he passed on, leaving behind him a lame horse. This horse the simple Isl-anders regarded as a mighty god of the new religion, and they placed him in a temple and made him offerings of stewed peppers and wild turkey. The poor animal, in lieu of much-needed grass, did his best with the green peppers and died the next day. Much depressed, the natives raised a stone statue in front of their principal temple, and the deserted nag went down to posterity as Izmin Chac, God of Thunder. For a century Izmin Chac was held in great reverence, while Spain forgot, if it had ever known of, the existence of the island city. Then two Franciscan monks, wandering from Yucatan, espled the city glittering in the lake and rediscovered it. These were white men; hence the natives, with great pride, pointed out to them the white men's god, left there many generations before by those who had taught them the new religious. the new religion. But the monks were scandalized. They spat upon Izmin Chac and reviled him as the work of the devil. Furthermore they sought to prevail upon the islanders to throw the stone god into the lake. The 'slanders held an informal

the lake, wondering what had happened to the world outside. Once a detachment of soldiers who had gone to serve their Firg years before returned. They put up their muskets, saying that there was no longer a king, and they told strange tales. Time went on and the people talked of the good old days when there was a king and soldiers and big round dollars to pay them.

Discovered by Accident. Many years afterward-so many that the

children who had greeted the returning soldiers were now grown men, a government clerk in Guatemala found among the archives the records of a city on an island in the midst of the forests far to the northward; a city that had once paid taxes and supported a garrison, and had a military governor of its own before it had been forgotten; a city that without doubt now belonged to Guatemala, if Guatemala chose to go and take it. And Guatemala went, cutting a way through the tangled forest growth, which had long since blotted out the trail. The little invading army was hospitably received, and the proclawas hospitably received, and the procla-mation announcing Guatemala's reassumption of government was applauded, though nobody understood it.

The people had now come to call their city Peten, but the Guatemalan govern-ment decided upon la Ciudad de Flores, from the wealth of bloom that character-ized the island. The Guatemalans were amazed at the beauty of the city, its an-cient temples and fine Spanish church edifices. They left a governor, and since then Peten has been again a part of the world, though little known and never visited, except officially. It has also been a part of Guatemala save for one brief interregnum, when an American citizen ruled it with a strong hand-in self-defense, he says.

#### Arrival of the American.

Thomas R. Dawley, a traveler and writer, is the man who for a few weeks tried his hand at governing the city. While wandering about the cordilleras of Guatemala, with a gun and a camera, he heard of a mysterious island city in the direction of Yucatan, and decided, in spite of the dis-suasions of the guides, who expatiated upon the dangers of the dark and pathless forest, infested with wild beasts and snakes, to visit the place. After fourteen days of marching and cutting their way through the thick woods the expedition emerged upon the shores of the lake, and crossed over to the city in rough canoes.

There was a great celebration in honor of the white visitor, concluding with a torchlight procession and music and a feast. The next day there was a review of the little army by officers in gold lace and trailing swords, and salutes were fired from the old brass cannon, which had been there for countless years. The celebration cles and attracted very wide general came very near winding up in an insurrection owing to the governor and the alcalde getting drunker than anybody else and quarreling over it. Just as the sol-diers began preparing their muskets and the visitor thought there was going to be a real battle the chiefs threw themselves into each other's arms and declared the whole thing off.

Mr. Dawley rented a house with a yard full of poultry. He didn't need the poul-try, but as he couldn't get the house without the poultry he took both. Then the people began coming to get their pictures taken. To them, this putting their likeness on a bit of a paper was a most wonderful achievement, and they brought the photographer the great round dollars which had been in their possession since the days of the king, and handfuls of them which had been cut in pieces to make change.

How the Trouble Began. There were two political factions in the town, one headed by the governor, while the other had no head. The governor, when not amusing himself by getting drunk or getting some one else drunk, spent most of his time prosecuting or persecuting those consultation and decided to throw the belonging to the opposite party. He forci-



A STREET IN THE ISLAND CITY.

monks into the lake instead. The church-men, however, escaped, made their way to the mainland, and went back to the governor of Yucatan, who sent back an expedition with them. Rallying around the stone horse, the islanders repulsed the invaders. A second expedition was sent out and met the same fate. But a third cap-tured the city and tumbled Izmin Chac

#### into the lake, where he now lies. A Penal Settlement.

Thus Tayasal became part of Yucatan, but the government soon lost interest in it and let it go by default. Years later the viceroy of Guatemala sent out an expedition against it, took it under his wing and gave it a name which impressed its inhabitants so little that all that has come down to posterity about it is that it was painfully long. He made the place a sort of penal settlement for troublesome political per-sonages and undesirable citizens. Escapes from the island were rare, and those who did escape were not again heard of, but wandered and were lost in the vast and all

Early in the nineteenth century came th troublous times when Mexico was fighting for her independence and Guatemala and Yucatan were declaring theirs, and the island city was forgotten in the years of bitter strife that followed. The soldiers of the garrison waited patiently for a message from their king and the money that was to pay them. Daily the drum beat the "Di-ana" at break of day and the notes of the "Clarin" silenced the night. But neither message nor money came. At last the drain major hung up his drum for the last time and the trumpeter his bugle. The sentry no longer paced his weary beat. The occupation of the soldiers was gone. The old bronze pieces of Charles V of Spain lay fallen from their carriages and vines twined in about them. Still the little city glittered in

bly made the old priest drunk and then banished him from the country for being a drunkard. He visited the principal rum factory in the place, and firing up the still so that it produced more spirits than the law allowed, he arrested the proprietor and put him in jail. And finally he came around to Mr. Dawley's place to have his photograph taken and began amusing himself by trying to shoot the heads off of the by trying to shoot the heads off of the Dawley poultry. And this was the begin-ning of his downfall. Says Mr. Dawley of the events following:

"He couldn't hit the chickens' heads for green peas, but he made the feathers fly, and I told him to go home and shoot his and I told him to go home and shoot his own chickens. I saw plainly after that that I belonged to the opposition, and so I took a hand in local politics and proceeded to get up a little clique of my own and await opportunity. Things were getting dull when one day the governor sent for the revenue officer and informed him that he must get married. The revenue officer didn't want to get married but the governor sent for the revenue officer and informed him that he must get married. didn't want to get married, but the gov-ernor threatened to shoot him if he didn't, and promised to kill a young bull for the wedding feast if he did. So there was a marriage and a wedding feast, and a great uproar which so thoroughly frightened me that I went to the commandant of the garrison demanding protection, and threatened to get up a revolution of my own if it wasn't granted. The commandant thoroughly sympathized with me, but he explained that the governor carried a goldheaded cane with two sliken balls on it which was his staff of office, and as long as he carried that the commandant was powerless to do anything. I proposed va-rious schemes to get between the governor

and that mighty staff of office and thus deprive him of his power, till we could do him up, but none of them met with the commandant's approval. Capture of the Governor.

"At last the governor was running thin

lightful social time enjoyed. On the same evening Mr. Messer invited a number of the artists to his hospitable Anacostia home to meet the four distinguished Japanese art students who were his guests while in this city.

The lecture upon Michael Angelo given by the Rev. Dr. Bristol at the Corcoran Gallery on the evening of the 9th, under the auspices of the sculpture class of that school, was in every way a marked success. It was in itself most interesting, and was charmingly illustrated by stereopticon views. This is the second in the course, and that the large room in which they were given was more than well filled both

felt in these subjects.

with such a high hand I became thorough

ly convinced that if I didn't do something

he would be trying to marry me off, or shoot me, so I got up a great feast of my

own, collected my partisans about me, and

as a preliminary to action got the com-

mandant so drunk he couldn't move to in-terfere. Then I got his officers in fighting

trim, and we sallied forth, every one of us

having sworn to die for our country and

liberty. We met the enemy in the public square, and after some skirmishing, I ex-

demanded his surrender. The governor, grasping firmly his staff of office, held it

"The staff was wrenched from his grasp

and the ex-governor was hustled across

the plaza and thrown into the jail, where

we gave him time to dwell on his past

we gave him time to dwell on his past sins. He was thoroughly convinced that our next move would be to take him out and shoot him. And though I saved him from this fate, the ungrateful wretch af-

terward swore to shoot me on sight. As a result of our skirmish we had two wound-

ed, one of them seriously, upon whom

performed my first act of surgery, and with

such success the poor fellow actually got

well and thanked me, after being sewed up

with an ordinary tailor's needle and thread.

An American Governor Pro Tem.

"Two days later we took the governor

from the jail, and sent him back under

escort through the forest to Guatemala,

with all the testimony we had against

him and a request for a new governor.

But the fellow was smart. He succeeded

in hoodwinking the officer in command of

the escort and made his escape just as

they were approaching their destination.

The officer was put in prison for non-per-formance of duty and died there. What

became of the governor I don't know, but

was glad enough to welcome his substi-

It was some weeks before the new gov

ernor arrived, and in the meantime the

burdens of the office fell upon Mr. Daw-

ley. With his camera and his soldiers he

succeeded in keeping matters straight. The

the staff of office to him and departed in

peace. The old governor never returned.

ART NOTES.

The collection of Japanese water colors

cycle of the Corcoran Gallery this week

Sixteen or more pictures by Mr. Gilbert

Munger, a landscape painter of consider-

able distinction, are on exhibition in the

Veerhoff Gallery. They are of an old-

fashloned type, done in oils with much

the early American painters. In many of

them the curious method of representing

foliage by painting each leaf on the tree

is employed, whereas in others the han-

terial is oppressively evident and atmosphere wanting in the large canvases, but

in the smaller this peculiarity is less marked, and one or two that are really

tiny are gentle and artistic to a delightful

On Monday the collection of circuit draw-

ings of the League of American Archi-

tects will be placed on exhibition on the

upper floor of the atrium of the Corcoran

had already been made for it to be held

elsewhere later, it was found impossible

to have it remain over even until the date of opening, March 27.

The approaching exhibition of the Archi-

tectural Club promises to be of very great

interest, and, together with that of the society, should furnish art lovers with a

bountiful feast. It will include specimens

of sculpture, etchings and water colors, intended for decorative purposes, as well as architectural drawings and other attractive

work coming under the name of the "Arts and Crafts." Many of these exhibits will be brought from the Architects' League of New York and others from the T-Square

A banquet is to be given tonight at the

Hotel Cochran by the Architectural Club

Two valuable additions have been made

this week to the permanent collection of

the Corcoran Gallery-a painting by Geri-

cault and a cast of Michael Angelo's

famous Pieta. The picture is a small can-

vas representing the head and torso of a

strong, muscular man. It is modeled with

great strength and feeling, and the effect

of light and shade is very striking, but

perhaps, its chiefest interest lies in its

having been the work of Gericault, who, it will be remembered, was the first to cast aside the conventional classic sub-

jects, and picture instead those that were real and dramatic. His "Raft of the Me-

dusa," which was exhibited in the Salor

of 1819, was the first positive break in the

old traditional custom, and caused a great outcry, which, however, ended in the found-ing of the school of Romanticists, of which Delacroix, his fellow student, became the distinguished leader.

The cast of "La Pieta" is of no less in-

terest. It represents the Virgin holding the

dead body of Christ across her lap, and is

an exact reproduction of the original

which was done over 400 years ago (about 1493), during Michael Angelo's first sojourn

in Rome, where it now may be seen in the Basilica of St. Peter's Cathedral.

The Washington Water Color Club held

its annual meeting last Saturday evening

at the residence of its president, Mr. W. H.

to the visiting architects who are members

Club of Philadelphia.

of the hanging committee.

next week.

degree.

Remember that I am governor.

up warningly as he exclaimed:

demonstrates the general interest

The design class at the Art Students' League is doing most excellent and attractive work. Miss Sumner, whose design for a cover to Hearn's "Chita" won such well-deserved praise a few months ago, has just finished another equally as charming for "Out of the East." This is done in Japanese grass linen, with very dainty colors, in a truly eastern design, showing the snow-capped mountain and wooded shore, with the blue sky and water above and below, and a glint of gold through the whole. Miss Stanley and Miss Hendershott are making some book plates that are both decorative and original, and Miss Clements has designed two series of fascinating tiles for a nursery fireplace. One set represents dear "Mother Goose" and her children; "Jack Horner," "Peter, the Pumpkin Eater," "Boy Blue" and "Bopeep," as well as others of her large and charming family. The other set is of children of all nations, each most characteristic and individual. All are exceptionally simple and original, nicely drawn and well colored.

Mrs. Robert Coleman Child has just finecuted a bold flank movement with eleven soldiers, cut off the governor's retreat and ished a three-quarter length portrait of herself, which is an admirable likeness and a strong, attractive pastel. The pose is easy and graceful, and the color scheme exceedingly good. She wears an evening gown of black silk; with a heavily fringed white crepe shawl slipped slightly off the shoulders. This falls in soft folds over her arms and down the side of the gown, making a striking contrast, but one that is in every way pleasing and picturesque.

> Mr. Max Weyl has lately completed two interesting landscapes-one of a view on the Potomac marshes near Washington, the other of a bit of Virginia. The latter is of the time of the after-glow. The sky wears a ruddy hue, and the whole landscape is bathed in the warm, rich light of the departing sunlight. A dwelling or two and a barn may be seen in the middle distance, and the blue mountains beyond, with between a thick, heavy clump of foliage, still untouched by the frosts of early autumn, which have made a row of poplars in the foreground well nigh leaf-less and bare. It is a very attractive painting, full of nature and atmosphere, with a touch of the beauty of commonplaceness which is very charming.

Mr. Rudolph Evans has just finished the busts of Mrs. Louis Williams and Mr. Underwood, upon which he has been engaged for some time, and this week cast them in plaster. They are both strong and forceful, and will take their place among his camera made him popular and the soldiers made him feared. As soon as the new governor arrived the American turned over best work. He is now busy with hammer and chisel upon a marble bust of General Schoeff. A noticeable characteristic of Mr. Evans' work is that he rarely gives even his portrait busts' shoulders, showing in de division. His influence and authority bethat has been on exhibition in the Hemi- mirably to concentrate the attention on the head and features.

From Pittsburg we hear that Miss Sara attention. The room has been thronged Norwood Bartle of this city is achieving every day with interested visitors, and fully great success as a miniature painter. There half of the pictures shown were ticketed she has lately executed an excellent minia-"sold" by Thursday, the closing day. Those | ture of Mrs. Thaw and her little son, which which remained unpurchased, supplemented is said to be admirable liknesses of both by some not yet shown, will be exhibited and to have called forth much praise on in the assembly hall of the Cosmos Club account of its artistic merits. Miss Bartle studied for some years here at the Art League, though she has lately had her studio in New York.

From Philadelphia comes the announce ment that Mr. George Gibbs, who was for-merly a Washington artist, is getting out a portfolio of twelve drawings, illustrating force, but harshness, after the style of some of the "forgotten deeds of forgotten heroes in the naval fights of 1812." The Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady is to write the introduction and accompanying chapters, and the pictures are to be printed by a new secret process in colors, which, it is believed, will be most successful and attractive.

> Elihu Vedder, Edwin H. Blashfield and Charles Y. Turner have received commissions for mural paintings for the decoration of the new Baltimore custom house. for which the sum of \$15,000 was recently appropriated.

The Art Institute of Chicago is this Gallery of Art, under the auspices of the month holding a notable exhibition-a loan Washington Architectural Club. It was collection of some thirteen or fourteen intended to have this a part of the annual paintings by Dagnan-Bonveret. Among exhibition of the club, which this year is them are his famous picture of "The Discito be held in connection with that of the ples at Emmaus," from the Carnegie Gal-Society of Washington Artists, but as this is a traveling exhibit, and arrangements lery; "The Horse Trough," which was originally purchased by the French government for the Luxembourg gallery, but now the property of Chauncey J. Blair, and "The Duel," loaned by Mr. Thomas E. Waggaman of this city.

> The Boston Arts Club will hold its sixtyfourth exhibition next month, opening on the 5th. The club has appropriated \$500 for the purchase of paintings shown at this exhibition.

> An event of more than usual interest to antiquarians and numismatists is the dispersion of the large collection of rare antique coins and other objects made by Prof. Charles West, the well-known collector of Brooklyn, which is shortly to be sold at auction in New York by the Amer-lean Art Association, by whom catalogues will be furnished on application.

One of the best photographic groups recently taken is that of Fresident McKinley and his cabinet, just issued by Pach Brothers of New York. The arrangement is artistic and the likenesses are excel-

#### Manna Found in India. From the London Chronicle. A remarkable incident is officially report-

ed from the central provinces of India in connection with the famine. The bamboos in various districts were found to be yielding "manna" of a kind and quality hitherto unknown to the natives, who have been finding it a valuable help to them in their famished condition. Samples have been analysed by the government reporter on economic products with an unexpected result. Mr. Hooper finds it to be composed of sacharose almost identical with caneof sacharose almost identical with cane-sugar, the ingredients being—sugar, 95.63; water, 2.66; ash, 96, and glucose, .75. Neither expert officials nor natives ever before heard of this product coming from the bamboo, and it is not surprising that thus opportune yield of "manna" is regard-ed, under the circumstances, as an act of Pravidence Providence.

Trouble Near, Anyhow. From the Chicago Tribune. "We are now, my fellow citizens." thun-

dered the excited campaign orator, "facing a crisis that will certainly overtake us in the near future unless, with resolute purpose, we drown it out of the under-ground caverns in which it forever secludes itself from the sight of man!"

of the board of managers were re-elected for another year, after which there was some excellent music and an altogether de-CAUSED A SCANDAL

> How a French Official Got on to Many Secrets.

BY MEANS OF HIDDEN

Gave Him a Powerful Hold on Lots of People.

UNEARTHING A MYSTERY

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star

PARIS, March 5, 1901. Suppose that the governor of New York should accidentally discover a network of powerful telephone wires leading to his private office, his home library, dining room and bed room cunningly concealed and furnished with microphones so sensitive that never a whispered conversation could escape them. Supposing that these wires, with any number of others, should be found converging to the house and office of a peculiarly able and influential subordinate already feared and half distrusted by his superiors, to whom he had for a long time, nevertheless, proved himself indispensable. Suppose, moreover, that the mysterious influence of this subordinate extended to the whole police and clerical force of a great municipality so that mayor and governor alike felt powerless against it The governor of New York could cut the telephone wires and discharge his influential and spying subordinate; but all the same he might have cause to worry, wondering what that occult individual might know and what he would do next. This is exactly what has happened to M. Alapetite, prefect of the department of the Rhone, in France, and, therefore, governor of the rich and important territory around the city of Lyons.

His immediate predecessor, the ex-Pre-

fect Leroux, has already committed sui-Other high functionaries have resigned. The local politics of Lyons are troubled to their foundations. No one knows where he stands, or who is for him or against him. The local papers are silent. The rank and file of the police and cleri-cal forces are distrusted by their chiefs, though nothing can be found against them. Meanwhile the hero of the mystery of Lyons, though discharged and disgraced, remains the esoteric master of the depart-

#### Meyer the Master.

He is M. Charles Meyer, and he entered the police force as a clerk in the office of the secretary general at the moment it was organized exceptionally for Lyons by the law of 1884. His previous employment as non-commissioned officer in the battalion of chasseurs a pied gave him right to po higher place; but his activity and intelligence caused him to mount steadily. Grade by grade he rose in the hierarchy to the post of chef de division, the unique divi-sion which at the time composed the secretary generalship of the police of Lyons. What this means may be illustrated by a glance at the corresponding grades in Paris. Here the half dozen chefs de division hold the real power behind the throne. The prefect of police is appointed and removed; the chefs de division remain in their places. Unless they desire it, the prefect is not able to learn what is going on. He is obliged to conciliate these great bureaucratic chiefs, who "know the ropes," while he is ignorant. They have their underlings devoted to them, while he commands no one's devotion.

As it is in Paris, so it was even more in

most cases little beyond the throat. In a came all-powerful. In the whole organizaway this increases the artist's difficulty, but when the modeling is as strongly and firmly done as Mr. Evans' it tends addone without his passing on it. In a personnel of 2,000 agents there was not an individual who was not absolutely devoted to him, who was not, in a word, his man. The secretaries general put at the head of his service by the general government

had always to rely on him for the conduct of their affairs. He was so kind and obliging, so willing and so able, that they were glad to let him do the work which his secret opposition would prevent them from accomplishing without him. At the moment of Boulangism even the secretary generalship was offered to him. He refused He did not wish to become one of those it. He did not wish to become one of those political personages placed and replaced at the pleasure of parties. He preferred to remain in the shadow, immovable, covered by a responsible chief, to seem to be the second while in reality the only master.

Respectful, anxious to please in his demonstrate the prefects and secretaries. meanor before the prefects and secretaries general who succeeded each other over him, Meyer was able to maintain his unique place under such varying prefectureships as those of MM. Massicault, Cambon, Rivaud, Leroux and Alapetite. M. Alapetite, who had already known Meyer when he himself had been seemed. when he himself had been secretary gen eral, found him more indispensable and

Illness Caused His Downfall. A few weeks ago M. Meyer fell ill. Several days having passed without his being able to show up at the prefecture, and M. Alapetite having need of certain dossiers which ought to have been in M. Meyer's possession, he sent word to the sick man, asking for his keys. M. Meyer told the messenger to come back the next day. So he was put off from day to day. After eight such fruitless demands the prefect sent word that he himself would come for the keys.
"Certainly I will give them to you," replied the chef de division. "I don't know
where the devil they could have got to. They must be at the office. My doctor promises me I may go out tomorrow, and

I will go and get them for you."

Meyer continued too ill to leave his bed. He continued to make excuses about the keys. At last the prefect became more than suspicious, and informed his stubborn subordinate that he would force the desks. At this the sick man, so weak and miserable that he could scarcely crawl, neverthe-less forced himself to dress, to be helped to a cab and be transported, half dead, to his office. There the prefect's clerk happened to see him for a moment hunting feverishly through papers, burning many and putting many others aside. When he left he carried with him a voluminous package as large as two municipal directories. Not a clerk in the office had anything to reply to the wondering remarks of the prefect's

Secretary.

When M. Alapetite learned these facts he called in a locksmith immediately. The door of Meyer's private office was forced, desks were opened and the search begun, when night came on. It was necessary to put in a guard, and the question arose "Who?" The prefect realized that it would be impossible to find in all the Lyons po-lice a single man not entirely devoted to M Meyer, ready to obey him blindly. Such was the incredible situation of affairs. Therefore the secretary general, the high-est officer of the department under the prefect himself, mounted guard over the mysterious office. It was all the more mysterious because already strange things had been discovered.

The results of the next morning's search

read like a chapter from Balzac or Gabo-riau. Here was a hero of police romance for sure! In the first place they discovered that this seemingly loyal functionary had been the secret chief of half a dozen violent campaigns in reactionary journals, in which the representatives of the present government were attacked dangerously Then they found great books, arranged al phabetically, in which were to be found the life histories, full of scandals, of all the political personages of the department Either of these discoveries would have been sufficient to raise a great sensation.
But stranger questions occupied the prefect and his secretary general. How had their subordinate come into possession of certain of these pieces of information? How much more did he know? Had he other copies of the writings?

Greatest Discovery of All. It was a terrible moment; but a still more

terrible discovery was to be made. Continuing their investigations, they discovered, in the false bottom of a heavy trunklike box, an electric battery of phenomenal force, whose unusually strong wires, which until then it had been supposed were electric light wires, went off in unknown directions, through the thickness of the partitions of the room.
Some of these wires had been cut out.

the uncut wires. Two led to the private office of the prefect, where they ended in microphone-telephone diaphragms of the most sensitive type. Two others led to the office of the secretary general. Others led to the house of the prefect, to his salon, his dialyting room, his bedragen and his library! dining room, his bedroom and his library!

And the wires that had been cut—where did they lead to? It is not yet known. The investigation has yet to be made. What is

now known for a certainty, however, is that this dark and silent intriguer, sitting in his silent private office, had systematically listened to the most private conversations of his superiors in the secrecy of their very homes—their very beds!

The question then arose—what workmen had laid the wires? How had they gained admission to these private houses, first to lay them, then to keep them in constant working order? Who among the trusted servants of the prefect and the secretary

general were secretly devoted to this man? What other resources had he? Who were ready to betray them to him, even after he should be discharged and disgraced? They decided immediately that Meyer must be discharged and disgraced. He might even be partially discredited. But the tantalizing question came back ever and againwhat did he know?

## Newspapers Take It Up.

Meanwhile the story came to Paris at the same time with the official telegram that told of Meyer's revocation. The journals of the boulevard saw in it matter for a first-class sensation. When the unhappy ex-Prefect Leroux committed suicide three days after the facts became public the ex-

itement rose to fever heat. All this while the Lyons papers kept strange silence. Not one of them had anything to say-neither the organs of the gov-ernment, the socialists, the reactionaries nor the conservative republicans. In Paris something of the secret of this silence comes out in the laughable recriminations of the radical Siecle and the conservative Liberte, M. Yves Guyot in the former had declared that Meyer had been found to have been the secret chief of half a dozen campaigns in reactionary journals. in which the present government was at-tacked. "This is a pure invention," says Savs the Liberte. "On the contrary, this man Meyer is known to have been the alter ego of M. Colliard, collectiviste deputy of the seventh circumscription of Lyons, and it was to the profit of the socialist candidates in the elections of 1898 and since that his telephonic information must have been

"Not at all," replies the socialist Siecle "Meyer is well known to have been the intimate friend of M. Masson, who partic-ularly distinguished himself in the campaign against the republican revisionists of Lyons at the time of the Dreyfus affair. First elected on the socialist ticket, later on blackballed by the socialists, Masson has been for a long time one of the most turbulent partisans of nationalism. It was this loud-mouthed adversary of the repub-lican defense that your Meyer had as his intimate friend."

Certainly a part of the scandalous reve lations found among Meyer's papers ap-peared a short time ago in sensational articles published by the Comedie Politique a paper that openly avows Bonapartist opinions. Indeed, it seems likely that the arch-conspirator kept good relations with all the various parties that are tearing at each others' throats in France today.

#### Meyer's Revenge. The silence of the Lyons press was broken

only when the scandal in Paris had grown to such proportions that it became impossible to ignore it. Following on those stories came a rumor that the friendly sick benefit fund of the Lyons police force had become "dilapidated." Was this tale a beginning of Meyer's revenge? Half the papers of the city again hurriedly resumed their curious silence. Then there began leaking out all kinds of stories of maladministra-tion. A certain municipal councillor, who heretofore had never distinguished himself by any kind of zeal or thirst for information, astonished all Lyons by the depth of his knowledge on these occult questions. "I have names, addresses and all the in-formation necessary," he said. "Here, for example, is a list of police officers who do no actual service and yet draw their salaries every month. Here are others who claiming their pensions before they had served the necessary length of time, were able to bluff the administration into yield-ing by means of covert threats and theatri-cal offers to take off their uniforms. I can show you a brigade of agents who are topaid by the municipality they are held at the service of a private inquiry bureau whose chief business comes from immoral divorce cases. Do you call them guardians of the peace?" he inquired.

"They are the guardians of the peace of families!" laughingly called out a brother municipal councillor

This well-informed member so stirred up the muncipal council that it forced itself formally to "emit a hope" that it forced itself formally to "emit a hope" that the proper investigations should be begun. A part of his revelations were so grave that they were given behind closed doors. All this time the hero of the mystery remained quietly at home, either ill or busy. A neighbor occupying the adjoining apart-ment says that she saw a light shining from one of the Meyer's windows late one night. The curtain was half drawn, so that she could see monsieur and madame moving in the room. They were examining masses of papers. Once she saw them both kneeling down before the open grate, feed-ing a blazing fire with documents. Nevertheless the next morning a deputation of municipal councillors, calling on the inva-lid, found him still in his sick room, and, though dressed, scarcely able to totter to his feet to greet them.

Wire to a Bath Room.

As to the material side of the mystery, new and piquant details are being discovered daily. The secretary general of the department discovered a telephone diaphragm secreted behind his bath tub. "And the extraordinary thing is that I have held conversation in that bathroom," he admits laughingly, "when I wished to say something private to a political visitor and distrusted the loyalty of my own serv-arts." It seems that a couple of months ago he found two of his uniformed lackeys two civil service worthies paid by the state and impressed into his own personal service, according to custom, engaged in listening at the keyhole of his wife's boudoir

have been able to follow up. One led to the managing editor's office of a government newspaper; the other led to a pri-vate room of the fastest late-supper restaurant of Lyons. How could it have re paid the trouble to lay the latter wire Rumor says that its use was not to surprise gallant conversations; that, on the contrary, its purpose was strictly business. This private room was known to be a favorite with certain city contractors. Meyer's bank accounts furnish another mys-tery. The search through his papers at the office brought to light a dozen ac-counts in Lyons and Paris institutions aggregating heavy amounts out of proportion to his supposed fortune. As there has not yet been any kind of examination of Meyer himself, what his explanation of these a counts will be can only be guessed at.

### The Trusted Lineman.

Now that the story of the wires is all over the city, there are plenty of people who think they remember seeing telephone linemen engaged in curious tasks and asking themselves what it could mean. One saw two men on the wall surrounding the villa garden of the prefect. They had a lot of tools and seemed to be working there openly and unafraid of being noticed. He thought at the time they were laying a private telephone. Now, it is just at this spot indicated that one of the wires actu-ally passes. In that case it would have been put up only a few months ago, yet the appearance of the work inside the prefect's house would indicate that it had been undisturbed for at least two years. Indeed, the house has never been unocc pled for even a longer period. What mo-tive could induce common artisans to take such risks, and how could Meyer, their employer, depend on their silence; There are those in Lyons who pretend that behind all these curious facts there is a powerful and close secret society for mu-tual aid and profit, recruiting its members in the government offices on the one hand, and among solid business men and others to whom secret information and influence might have great business value on the other. In a word, it is the story of Balzac's "League of the Thirteen" over again. except that instead of thirteen members there are nobody yet knows how many.

As it stands, the story is strangely in-complete and tantalizing. It goes without saying that an investigation of it is in progress. What will it disclose? Will it be able to disclose anything beyond the material facts of wires and documents already stumbled on because, being material, they were always susceptible of discovery? If the band has anything of the consistence of the good old melo-dramatic "League of the Thirteen" its object and its operations

may remain a mystery. STERLING HEILIG. Has a Hen for a Pet.

From the Philadelphia Record.

Alfred Yngve, a Castle valley wheelwright, has a tame chicken that follows him about like a dog. It is a hen, a fat, white fowl, with the ungainly appearance that results from having feathers growing all the way down the leg to the toes. The hen leaves its coop in the morning when the wheelwright starts to work, and it follows close behind him to the shop. It will, to a certain extent, mind him. It will lie down when ordered to; it will shake hands, and it will carry in its beak a newspaper of a little basket. Yngve says that a pet dog died on his hands two years ago, and he decided, instead of getting another dog, to try the experiment of making a pet of a chicken. The experiment was a success. Bingo, as Yngve calls the hen, answers nearly all the purposes of a dog On a Sunday walk the man took recently Bingo followed him the whole day, a dis tance of twelve miles, without fatigue.

#### By Another Name. from the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"No," said the senior cadet with a sigh, things are not what they were in the good old days before the reformers got after "I suppose not," said the sympathetic

" the cadet went on in sadl

grieved tones, "you won't even find tobasco sauce on the tables now!" "Indeed!" cried the visitor. "That's right," said the cadet. "We have to call it peppersass!"

With the Birds. Written for The Evening Star by Chas. H. Doing

Long years ago, one sunny day-Alas, how dim and far away That bright day now appears Companionless and lonely, I, For pastime, watched the clouds go by,

As since have gone the years. I wandered where the brook leaped down Its rocky channel by the town In foamy, ceaseless flow;

I saw wild pigeons rise and fly, Like arrows, cleaving the bright sky, Shot from an archer's bow. I heard the wood dove's plaintive note, As softly, from her burnished threat,

It melted on the breeze: I heard the plover's joy-notes ring Across the pasture, quavering, And die among the trees.

Two little wrens were building near Their downy nest, where every year They came to build and sing; They seemed to love the spot, and there, Their tender song, soft as a prayer, Breathed welcome to the spring.

The morning long I watched them weave, With patient care, beneath the eave, Their soft and downy home; I heard them sing their tender lay Their song of hope, that some near day Nestlings would to it come.

And I see now what then I saw But vaguely, that one common law Rules birds as well as men; And glowing warm in every breast Is that home-love, the first and best, Which bids us build the dear home nest,



"Oh, Janel Jane! what will your master say!"
"Well, it ain't my fault, mam-I'm sure. I didn't so much as look at the things